

D M U N D,

4
2
A N

E C L O G U E.

*do not plunge thyself too far in Anger, lest thou hasten
thy Trial, which if,---Lord have Mercy on thee for
a Hen! So my good Window of Lattice fare thee
well; thy Casement I need not open, I look thro' thee.*

-----O strange, fastened Villain!

Would he deny his Letter?

SHAKESPEAR.

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D E D I C A T I O N.

To Mr. R A C K,

S I R,

T H E Author of the following Poem, (if it may be called one) begs Leave to address it to you, as to a Gentleman who has the most undoubted right to it.

The many obligations he is under to you, warrant this public testimony of esteem and veneration.

'Tis

DEDICATION

'Tis to you Sir that he owes ----- but he will not put your humility to the blush by recapitulating the uncommon services you have done him.

Whatever may be the defects of the performance now laid before you, there is one thing at least to recommend it, and that is **TRUTH**.

Your exalted love of truth, and your firm adherence to it, is well known to

Sir,

Your very great Admirer,

The **AUTHOR**.

E D M U N D,

A N

E C C L O G U E.

THE woes of Edmund let my pen rehearse—
 Edmund, who shone of late in prose and verse,
 Edmund, whose fame through Bladud's City flew,
 Whom Somersets and Wilts and Gloucesters knew,
 Whom Dorset swains behold with wond'ring eyes,
 While Hereford prepares her fresh supplies;
 Whose *Public Spirit* laughing fields display
 And ruddy Farmers, laughing more than they.

Where

B

Where to St. James is built the broad parade,
 In elbow chair, his pipe beside him laid;
 The Hero fat; dejection mark'd his face,
 Conscious alas! of merited disgrace.
 Around his feet were Norfolk turnips spread,
 And Oats, Tartarian, 'twin'd about his head:
 Before him *Thickscull's* fatal letter lay,
 From which he turn'd his dim sunk eyes away;
 Deep groans from forth his hollow bosom broke,
 And, as the Spirit mov'd him, thus he spoke.

Ah me! How fall'n from what I once was known,
 And fallen too, by conduct all my own;
 Ay there's the rub, *I* gave the deadly blow,—
 My own right hand hath laid its master low!

O had I never, never learn'd to write,
 Or aim'd to rise an Author to the fight;
 Had I still kept within my proper bounds,
 Bade shillings spring from pence and mount to pounds,
 Content behind my counter to attend,
 And mark'd my day-book at the quarter's end;

in my garden had prolong'd my stay,
 where zig-zag walks in little compass lay,
 and pour'd amid the gaping Effex fwains,
 prose or rhyme my soporific strains;
 when calm, though dull, had Edmund sunk to night,
 far from damnation and the world polite!

When from the land of Effex first I came,
 oppell'd by vanity and thirst of fame,
 when I strove in wild ambition's fits,
 to elbow in, and shine among the wits.
 For this, the Pump-room saw my visits paid,
 for this, my beaver gave to *Morgan's* shade,
 for this, I left to P-nt-r all the toil,
 and fled from tallow and more foetid oil.

Poet and Critic, Moralist was I,
 nor can the Weekly News the fact deny;
 there, *To the Printer*, many a letter shines
 and CRITO, MENTOR, CORKSCREW end the lines.

Snug

Snug, as I thought, beyond detection's power,
 O'er many a musty book I spent the hour;
 The yellow smoky leaves untired I read,
 And fearless plunder'd the forgotten dead;
 Old *Elwood* hence my cistive brain supply'd
 When David fought, and when Goliath died.

The name of *Poet* tinkling in mine ear,
 I burn amid the foremost to appear;
 The lofty Ode on Pindar's wing I try,
 And thro' the realms of nonsense proudly fly.
 Let Alfred House, let *Monthly writers* tell,
 How high I soar'd—Alas how low I fell!
 Though all the Gods to aid my cause I prest—
 Ah! let the laughing Critics tell the rest.

Yet, though repuls'd, I still renew my claim,
 And from BATHEASTON hope a sprig of fame;
 But what I wrote, had TULLY living read,
 He sure had broke his Vase about my head!

Now

Now damp'd my hopes, I cast the quill aside,
 And thus in accents of despair I cry'd——
 Ah! let those bards who feel the genial fires,
 That nature gives, and sterling wit inspires,
 Let HIM, whom *Polyhymne* visits, sing,
 While Laughter holds its sides, by Bladud's spring;
 Let HIM who claims *Euphrosine* his own,
 Warble amid the shades, yet charm the town;
 Let these to time's last period stand the test,
 But clouds and darkness on my labours rest!

Not so, I heard a still small voice reply,
 That still small voice known to GEORGE FOX and I;
 Not so, it said,—shall Edmund then despair
 Because the Pagan bays he must not wear?
 What though by Dulness foster'd from thy birth,
 Thy jingle only serves as food for mirth——
 (A mirth the critic knows not how to stint
 And damns for thee e'en Cr-ttw-ll's neatest print)
 Yet other paths than where the Muses stray
 Are left for *thee* to plod thy crooked way.

- ‘ Although not *wise*, yet *cunning* sure is thine;—
- ‘ Have we not seen a brilliant instance shine?
- ‘ When for the parson poor, thy pen could plead,
- ‘ And call the rich to help the man of need;
- ‘ Say, was there one who ever could suppose
- ‘ To pay *thy debt* the contribution rose?’

Wak’d from my trance, unusual spirits flow,
 And round about my op’ning eyes I throw;
 When at my hand, in garment blue, is seen
 With precepts stor’d, the *Farmer’s Magazine*:
 A lucky thought! I boldly form’d a plan
 To rise at once the PATRIOTIC MAN!
 “ With Agriculture flourish Edmund’s name”
 I said; and Cr-ttw-ll’s press repeats the same.
 Letters and Essays then in order due,
 I humbly offer plausible to view;
 On *Public Spirit* bade the papers blaze,
 And flyly pour’d *myself* on Edmund praise:
 Successful, soon I saw my project crown’d,
 The bait was seiz’d, the counties flock around;

guineas, apace came jingling to my hand,

and thus I form'd the *Agriculture Band*.

But yet, I saw accomplish'd *half* my aim,—

Let other fools sit down with empty fame,

Still make *avarice* keep an equal pace,

and lo! I gain the SECRETARY'S place.

Completed now, behold the glorious hum,—

Subscriptions, Chairmen, Resolutions come,

And *eighty pounds per annum* fill the blanks—

Thanks to my dupes, and to my cunning thanks!

Let others lift their hands, and wond'ring gaze

To see *me* fed with profit and with praise;

ME, all unskill'd as any Cockney's brat

To heighten *Ceres'* charms—but what of that?—

Let modest worth, unheeded and unknown,

Pass silent by, or gain for bread a stone;

Let genius droop, and wither in the shade,

No fost'ring fun to give it friendly aid;

Brave impudence shall thrust amid the throng

With front undaunted, and with courage strong!

Thus

Thus with victorious wreaths my brows were crown'd,
 And for awhile I tread on fairy ground;
 Or read in raptures by my parlour fire
 The letters sent to Edmund R——, ESQUIRE!
 Without a blush I take the title new;
 (For *I* made 'squires of the Lord knows who)
 Bravo I cry'd, perhaps my name to blefs,
 Good time may add to 'squire, F. R. S.

Ye gods what havock doth ambition make
 Amid your works! as Poet Joseph spake,—
 Ambition rears a dutchefs from the dairy
 And of a —— * forms a Secretary!
 Alas! how short the triumph that I knew!——
 Gaz'd at by all, *and known to very few*,
 I might have still contented sat me down,
 Or trudg'd with self-importance thro' the town;
 Had I, as merry *Matthew* well has fung,
 Have eat my pudding, and have held my tongue.
 But my ill stars in one unlucky hour,
 Damn'd Edmund's fame beyond redemption's pow'r,
 Stripp'd

* This Chasm may be fill'd with what the Reader pleases.

ripp'd off my formal garb, and made me stand,
mark all helpless for that *Thickskull's* hand!

What could induce me Satire's force to try
and like a *Coward base* the fact deny?
urse on the canting letter that I penn'd,
rembling with fear, to my *Respected Friend*;——
triumphant, see! he points me to the town!
nd as a *vile dissembler* puts me down.
rom him I bear the many-cutting gibe,——
h cruel Wretch! cou'd not my *MUTTON* bribe?
ou'd not my *Solemn Affirmation* stay
hy vengeful hand, too apt to cut and slay?
h no, vindictive still his arrows fly,
e doubly arm'd, alas! defenceless I!
Where, where are my Allies? they all are fled,
—— turns with scorn, and Brutus shakes his head;
orgive good Brutus, nor desert thy friend,——
n thee alone, thy Edmund must depend;
While others fly, and leave me to my shame,
shelter me beneath thy *potent name*!

It will not be,——persuade him all I can;
FOR BRUTUS IS AN HONOURABLE MAN!

Ah let not babbling tongues the tale repeat!
 Or bear it far, ye winds, from Grace-church Street:
 How would the *Friends* be shook with my disgrace,
 And hums and silent nodding fill the place;
 How would they mourn the Tutor of their Youth,
 Their boasted MENTOR fallen from the truth!

But soft; let Thickscull take his full career,
 Let me be silent at each girding sneer;
 Or mimic careless ease at every stroke,
 And still deceive some plain and simple folk:
 I'll gravely say, that fenc'd with virtue's steel,
 His spite I dread not, nor his arrows feel:
 That Envy follows greater men than I,
 But time will see it sicken, fade and die.

Yet ah I fear (for guilt hath still its fears)
 Another foe in yonder H—— appears!

ng hath he fullen mark'd my devious way
 th eyes not glancing any friendly ray,—
 knows——ah ! would to Heaven he did not know,
 would to Heaven he had not been my foe !

Thus Edmund mourn'd 'till sunk the candle's end,
 And noisome steams his nasal sense offend——
 'Tis done he cry'd, extinguish'd is thy flame,
And in a snuff like thine expires my name.

F I N I S.

(12)
with the fallen mark'd my devious way

eyes not glancing any friendly ray, —

ows — ah! would to Heaven he did not know,

uld to Heaven he had not been my foe!

a Edmund mourn'd, till sunk the candle's end,

ditions leaves his natal land offend —

no he cry'd, exclaiming 'tis my name,

a long like him my name.



F I W I S.

